

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 5, 1887.

No. 25.

Greeting to Very Rev. E. Sorin.

[The following verses were written about three years ago, when it was reported that Very Rev. E. Sorin, the v-nerable Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, was about to visit California in company with Archbishop Riordan. They were originally published in the *San Francisco Monitor*; but, as we are informed, the copy of our valued exchange was mislaid or lost, and, through subsequent forgetfulness, the lines never appeared in the SCHOLASTIC.—ED. SCHOL.]

Not as strangers do we greet thee
On thy coming to the West;
But as children hail a father
Who is honored, loved, and blessed,
Do we give thee cordial welcome
From unnumbered hearts that claim
Blessings from thee, Rev. Father,
In our Holy Mother's name.

Lo! from ocean unto ocean,
Circling to earth's widest bound,
The bright fruits of thy labors
In a thousand homes are found.
For where'er Our Lady's praises
Echo from the human heart,
Where'er her fame is published
In poesy or art;

Where'er thy precious volume,
Consecrated to her love,
To her name, and love and honor,
Who reigns Queen of Heaven above,
Wakens thoughts of tender homage
To the Mother and the Son,
Angl hands for thee are twining
Laurels for new victories won.

Welcome thou, who bravely lifted
Up the Standard of the Cross
In earth's lonely desert places,
Bearing danger, toil, and loss
With a heart that never faltered,
With a hand that never failed,
And a mind whose strength and wisdom
Over every foe prevailed.

Pioneer of faith and learning,
Builder of that glorious shrine

From whose mighty Dome Our Lady
Blesses all with light divine,
There pure hearts with filial fondness
Follow thee upon thy way,
Prayers like incense wreaths ascending
For thy weal from day to day.

Notre Dame, whose valiant children
Have gone forth throughout the land,
Bearing witness to the training
Of thy sons'-devoted band.
They have sown broadcast the blessings
Of our Mother's chosen home,
Lo! e'en now *one* cometh to us
As a choicest gift of Rome.

In his triumph, Rev. Father,
Thou a Father's pride must feel;
Joy in all his well-earned honors,
In his fervor, in his zeal.
Oh! we feel thy coming, Father,
Will bring blessings to our West,
And we pray that countless graces
On thy noble life may rest,

Crowning it with added glory
Yielded from His Heart Divine,
All the gems of rarest virtues
Sparkling in Heaven's wondrous mine
Shine around thy path, revealing
Loftier heights of hope and love,
Won for thee by Mary Mother
From the treasure store above.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Sketches of Travel.

I.

In the South of England there lived an aristocratic lady—say she was a Duchess. It was not so many centuries ago, either, that this Duchess held her sway there. Land, houses, and money were counted among her possessions. Luxury, without limit, filled her mansion. She had no want that the world could supply, no desire unfilled that wealth could bring; but she let her mind

run astray, and said to herself and to her friends: "Hereafter! what does it matter? there is no such thing! God! there is no God!" She grew warm when her friends tried to prove to her that she was wrong. "No," she answered one day, "there is no God! To prove the fact to you, I will add: if there is a God, may an ash, an oak, and an elm grow from my grave!" So fiercely did she thus denounce herself that her friends shuddered. She came near death; she died—for duchesses do die, and if there is no eternal hereafter, there is, certainly, no eternal present—and they buried her in her own ground, and with all the pomp and ceremony that rank demands. The waving plumes were heavy. The hat-bands and scarfs were of rich material. Of the tears I cannot speak. All was over. Winter melted into Spring, Spring into Summer, Summer again into Autumn, when, lo! three little twigs appeared on the stately grave. Time passed; they grew fast; they burst the heavy coffin; they split open the sodded earth. Time passed; they grew into stately trees—one an oak, one an ash, the other an elm. Crowds of curious visitors—incredulous visitors, awe-struck visitors—came flocking from far and near. Relic-seekers stripped off the bark and broke the branches. It became necessary, at last, to build an iron fence around the trees to keep the destructive hands away. And there they stand—three mighty trees—blending together, and yet distinct, a monument of the lady's rash defiance.

Now, it is in the North of England. The snow is on the ground, and the lake frozen over. It is in the neighborhood of York that a great castle stands—a castle with walls so thick that you can turn around between the double doors—not that you want to turn around, but power is pleasant. The halls are so long and wide that you could take exercise enough to tire yourself and your *hostess*. You can play hide-and-seek in the immense rooms, with wardrobes on whose shelves a small family might be put to rest. I confess that hide-and-seek is resorted to to while away the hours of a winter's day—curled in the depths of some heavy window-sill, wrapped in the folds of some heavy curtain, while waiting to be found. Visions of the oaken chest flash through your mind, and perhaps you shiver; but, then, oaken chests with spring locks are not in every room. From the flat roof of this castle we can see the country round. For miles the hill and dale, the woods, the cottages, all in sight, belong to the estate. Neighbors are not troublesome, as a drive of some miles is enough to cool off the heat of any argument, any discussion, that a visit may have brought forth.

Stepping from the hall into the choir of the chapel, you look down at the stone floor, the time-worn walls, the statues whose wounds, made by Cromwell's men, have never been cured. Here stands a warrior saint with features marred, there an angel with broken wings; tombs, with half the figures gone; pictures marked with sword-thrusts; columns partly broken. Here, on the Feast of the Purification, we heard our early Mass, and while standing with our waxen tapers in our

hands, we thought of the time when destruction and ruin threatened the whole place—when the altar was stripped and broken, and the hallowed house became a resting-place for men weary from destroying. But ere the sadness gained full sway over our hearts, we thought of the present, and, looking on the bowed heads, we rejoiced to see how once more this had become the home of Truth—the house of God. The shadow which the sword had brought but served to make the present brightness more bright.

II.

In the heart of Staffordshire there is a quaint little town, where we spent many pleasant hours. The crooked streets, the gabled houses, the tiny window-panes, were constant sources of delight to us. We would stop, merely for the sake of entering the old-fashioned shops and holding converse on the news of the day, or rather on the news of yesterday. Among the beauties of this town is a church built by John XVI, Earl of Shrewsbury. It is a perfect gem. The richly painted windows cast a subdued light upon the solemn columns, the tiled floor, the carved wood-work. On these windows we read the pictured history of the works of mercy. Here the rich colors, flowing through the prism, rest upon the many-colored wall; there it streams through the funeral group; again it falls from the hands of the generous giver upon the gilded screen; from the weeping orphan's friend upon the heavy font.

We find lessons, beauty, art, all blending into one glorious whole. When the light streams from the marble altar, and the voices of children fill the air, do not wonder at the deep impression with which strangers leave this hallowed place. Coming forth into the dense darkness without, one evening, we heard a little ragged child exclaim: "Oh! mamma, why cannot we stay in there always? It is so beautiful!" Poor, little tramp! Wandering, weary and footsore, along the highways and byways, it was a haven of rest to him. Praying from the tiled entrance come the words: "For the repose of the soul of John XVI, Earl of Shrewsbury." Ah! what a pity it was that John, the Earl, dying, forgot to endow this monument of beauty! Dying in his stately mansion a few miles off, he left plans for his heirs to carry out; but his Catholic successor died, and the property, passing into other hands, his hopes and wishes were never fulfilled. A half-finished mansion for old and enfeebled priests stands upon his grounds, looking like a ruin of olden times—a monument of hopes unrealized.

Farther up the narrow street there stands an old house, with a little bow-window, from whence a view of the whole street can be seen. All the incomings and outgoings of the town may be noted from thence. It is one of the most pleasant places in the town. Time and again have we, seated here, listened to wondrous stories from one whose life and works made her words of note to us. Then, above all the glories of this house, it was *haunted*. Happy we, to have slept in a haunted

house! The ghost was said to wander through the halls at night, to make the frightened dogs retreat, to hold the door ajar, that one neither could go in nor out. The ways of ghosts are curious, certainly, and not always according to the rules of good sense. We slept there in May, in June, and saw no *ghost*; but what mattered it? November was the month of this especial *ghost*. At length November came, and with that delicious sense of fear that ghosts bring, we went to bed—surely we were to see “*it*” now. Stay: ghosts do not come until one or two o’clock. Let us sleep; and we slept. We woke, we heard a sound; surely the ghost was coming. We prepared to *scream*; but let us see “*it*” first. Tremblingly, we looked at one corner, then the other; at the chair by the fireplace, thinking it might be a cosy *ghost*. We looked out of the window. Brightly shone the moon upon the brown stone *steeple*. We turned courageously back. Alas! no ghost; and yet, do you know, we firmly believe in that ghost to this day? Why do we believe in it? Because, although “*it*,” for some good reason, declined to appear to us, still why should we doubt the household?

*

Oliver Cromwell.

It has happened at times in the history of nations that some extraordinary man, suddenly springing from obscurity into prominence, has dazzled the world by the splendor of his achievements, and so completely identified himself with the affairs of a nation that its history, for a time, becomes the simple story of his life. Some have achieved such prominence by the force of circumstances, others by virtue of their own merits or genius. Some, impelled by high and noble motives, have proven themselves benefactors to their country; others, prompted by a base ambition, have chosen to act the part of tyrants. The names of some have become synonyms of virtue and patriotism; of others, vice and oppression.

The history of England, from 1650 to 1659, is the story of Oliver Cromwell. His character is best revealed by a short sketch of the principal events of his career. He was born in Huntingdonshire, of a good family. In his youth he was weak-minded, and gave but little promise of his future greatness. Owing to this infirmity, he withdrew from the more exciting scenes of his native place to the peace and quiet of a rural life. By the death of an uncle, whose heir he had been made, he was recalled to more stirring scenes. About this time, Cromwell began to manifest an interest in the political affairs of his country, which were at that time in a most turbulent condition. Espousing the cause of the people in opposition to their sovereign, Charles I, he was sent to Parliament, in 1640, as the representative of Cambridge. From this time until he reached the zenith of his greatness, his progress was uninterrupted and steady. Always surrounded by fortunate circumstances, he was never slow to avail himself of them. Within two years after he entered Parliament we find him

among the leaders of his party. When Parliament raised an army to oppose the king, Cromwell was appointed Captain under the Earl of Sussex; six months later he became Colonel, and in 1643 he was made Lieutenant General.

After the judicial murder of Charles I, the royal party being in the ascendancy in Ireland, Cromwell was appointed Lord Lieutenant, and sent to subdue that island. The subjugation of Ireland was characterized by a series of massacres that surpass any recorded of the most barbarous ages;—garrisons were captured, disarmed, and then put to the sword; armed and unarmed, old and young, male and female, were slaughtered like beasts. Neither fortified nor consecrated places could afford protection against the invaders. On one occasion, within the walls of a sacred edifice in which they had taken refuge, one thousand unresisting victims were mercilessly slaughtered; and on another three hundred women were slain at the foot of a large cross, about which they had gathered in the hope that this sacred emblem might afford them some protection. After the subjugation of this island, the wives and families of those who had perished in its defence were transported to the West Indies and sold as slaves. The remaining inhabitants were reduced to a state of bondage not far removed from the most abject servitude.

After the reduction of Ireland, Cromwell proceeded to Scotland to punish the Scottish adherents to the royal cause. His campaigns in this undertaking were a succession of victories. Success followed him wherever he turned, and Fortune seemed to be his handmaid.

Previous to this time, Cromwell’s acts of cruelty and oppression were for the most part levelled against the enemies of his party; but having now firmly established his own power, he began to set at defiance all principles of right and justice, and to trample upon the most sacred rights and privileges of his people. Shortly after his return from Scotland, having dissolved the existing Parliament, he proceeded to form a government more in accordance with his own notions. This consisted of a council of twelve, with himself at its head. He next summoned a parliament of “faithful and godly men” to meet at Whitehall. As soon as their acts became offensive, he dispersed them without ceremony. A new constitution was now published, appointing Cromwell Lord Protector. One of the first acts of the protector was the publishing of ordinances abolishing the existing forms of government in Scotland. The entire constitution of that nation was subverted; the political institutions that had existed for generations vanished before his authority like mist before the sun; and yet so completely had the once proud spirit of this nation been broken that no one dared remonstrate against these despotic measures, or resist their execution.

Towards the end of his career, the title and insignia of royalty were bestowed upon Cromwell by Parliament. To attain this end had always been the cherished dream of his ambition. He was preparing to assume the title and office of king, when his adherents interfered, and by threats of

desertion compelled him to decline them. With seemingly patriotic motives he refused to accept.

His mind had now become a prey to every conceivable terror. Day and night his soul was tortured by fear. At last, on September 3, 1658, he succumbed to the common enemy of mankind.

That he was no ordinary man, all are compelled to admit; but the closest scrutiny fails to reveal anything in his character either dazzling or sublime. His actions were not the sudden and brilliant conceptions of a mighty genius, but bore the stamp of caution and deliberation. Had he used his power to promote the happiness and prosperity of his people, his name would now be enrolled amongst the noblest of his country's heroes; but he hearkened to the promptings of a base ambition, and his name is enrolled in the calendar of England's tyrants.

Fable.

Cette fable ingénue
Sans ornement ni fard
A l'esprit m'est venue
Par hasard:

Dans les prés, à ma porte,
Un âne, à l'air musard,
Passait le jour n'importe—
Par hasard.

En flânant, il avise
Une flûte, à l'écart
Qu'un pâtre avait là mise
Par hasard.

Vers elle le maroufle
Baisse son nez camard,
Longtemps la flûte et souffle
Par hasard.

Comme il souffle et renifle
Sur la flûte, un son part
De l'instrument qui siffle
Par hasard.

"Oh!" fit-il d'un ton crâne,—
"Je vais jouer très-bien.
Et l'on dira que l'âne
N'est pas musicien?" . . .

MORALE:

Un sot, stupide à pâtre,
Sans les règles de l'art
Peut faire un coup de maître . . .
Par hasard! F.

Fatalism.

"There is but one being, or one substance, and that may be called divine," says the fatalist, "and the universe is simply made up of emanations from the one, necessary Being." The conclusion, of course, follows that there can be no place for the human "individual." And yet, these fatalists have constantly on their lips the words: Liberty, rights, God.

What a contradiction! On one side, liberty, virtue, rights; on the other, blind necessity!

The great reformer of the 16th century maintained that man's free will had been destroyed by original sin. He said: "It is especially necessary and useful to know that God, by His immutable, eternal and infallible will, prepares, disposes and makes all things. By this thunderbolt (*hoc fulmine*) free will is overthrown and completely destroyed. Whatever we may do is not done by us, as individual, responsible beings, but through a force, fatality, or necessity." Jansenism, after many and subtle distinctions, landed at the same port. Its main doctrine taught an irresistible action of God absolutely incompatible with any freedom on the part of man. The Jansenist would make man's soul a kind of balance where grace and cupidity are to be weighed, and the heavier naturally must draw the will to itself. Hence there can be no active and proper determination in man.

Sad and deplorable are the consequences of these monstrous tenets. A man given up to them is under an iron yoke that will crush him. The soul is plunged in darkness, without peace, without tranquillity, without its natural food. Doubt and anxiety prevail. The intellect, which formerly found a natural resting-place in the midst of verity, becomes restless and most wretched, not knowing the exact cause of this general distress. The will is stamped with despair; fear and hope are gone, and crime is covered with the dreadnaught of cold indifference.

Happily, not all those who favor such principles have consistency enough to face all these consequences. As a general thing, it is only during those periods in their life-time in which they are comparatively free from the "ills that flesh is heir to," when, so to speak, they enjoy all the goods of earth, that they are particularly out-poken in the defence of their theories, and accuse the Church of cruelty and intolerance; then they lift up their voices against that mouth-piece of God upon earth which alone dares to say that man is truly free; which alone dares to command man to hope, to wish for, and to believe in, Divine assistance; then, indeed, they make bold to cry out that liberty is a mere phantom, a vain word. But when in their sound senses, and brought face to face with a realization of death's near approach, the feeling of religion, innate in their hearts, asserts itself, in spite of all the warpings of passion and prejudice, and they express their hope in an appeal for mercy. The incident of the Nihilistic Russian, who, as described in the press reports of the recent earthquakes in Italy, rushed forth terrified from his room in the hotel, calling upon all men and heaven to witness that he was not an atheist, will illustrate our meaning. It only goes to show what every intelligent mind well comprehends—that there are times when even the fiercest agnostics (or acrostics, as some of their would-be-followers call themselves) will admit that earth and the present life are not ALL.

In spite of all these attacks, one thing especially presents itself as evident as the noonday sun. An

indelible proof of the existence of man's liberty is that human aberrations, violent storms and blind passions have been raging against this truth, and yet it stands firm and unshaken. The vile inclinations of a vitiated nature have been proclaimed irresistible and legitimate by the fatalistic materialism of nature in the last century. They wished it were so. It was not necessary to declare themselves openly to be Pantheist, Materialist or Jansenist, they were practical fatalists, which amounts to the very same thing. For naturalism and fatalism, in appearance two opposite evils—naturalism exaggerating the freedom of man, fatalism exaggerating the divine action—have the very same principle and object: independence of all inclinations. Their result proves also to be the same—the destruction of all morals.

Licentiousness and despair feign to give to man liberty and freedom of action, whilst, in reality, they administer unto him poison and death. Combat and hope seem to be opposed to liberty, whilst, in reality, they crown man, the king of creation, with that true freedom and that reasonable independence which are his real characteristic qualities.

J. B. S.

Art, Music and Literature.

—A copy of the original Latin edition of the "Letters of Columbus," printed in 1493, has just been sold in Cologne for £330, the highest price ever paid for a book in Germany.

—A "Beethoven Museum" is to be instituted at Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, which, in addition to a library, a collection of manuscripts, etc., is to contain works of art, and other objects having reference to the great master.

—In the porch of the British Museum stand two hideous, rudely-carved effigies of human beings which were brought from an island in the South Pacific. Easter Island has hundreds of such images, carved by nobody knows who. The Germans recently removed one, and now the Smithsonian is about to receive another, *per* United States steamer *Mohican*. It weighs more than twelve tons.

—A marvellous clock, which is intended to surpass the mechanical wonders of Strasburg and Berne, is being made at Villingen in the Black Forest, one of the headquarters of this branch of industry. It is in the Gothic style, and indicates the seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, and leap-years, beginning with the first seconds of the first year and ending with the last seconds of the 99,999 A. D. It also indicates the correct time for each meridian, the phases of the moon, and strikes the minutes, quarters, and hours. Marvellous figures move around the clock—time, Christianity, human life—striking the minutes and hours; genii, death, a patron saint, a Cherub, and the twelve apostles; Christ, the four ages of man, the four seasons, the seven heathen gods who give the names to the days of the week, the signs of the zodiac, etc. During the day a trumpeter sounds his bugle; then comes the night watchman announcing

the hours with his horn, and he is relieved at morn by a crowing cock. In Spring and Summer the cuckoo's note is heard. The angels who attended Christ in His last hours are also moving on, and there are also a sexton and an old man who kneels in prayer. The clockwork further sets in motion various paintings—seven pictures of the creation of the world—and the Fourteen Stations which represent the life and sufferings of Christ. It is intended to show this wonderful piece of mechanism at the first international exhibition.—*Boston Globe*.

—The publication of a very ambitious etching by M. Charles Waltner, the eminent French etcher, of Rembrandt's "Night Watch" (or "Night Guard," "Amsterdam Musketeers," and "Ronde de Nuit," as the masterpiece is variously called), is an event of no little importance in the world of art. M. Waltner's reproduction, which conveys the feeling, touch, handling, and light of the picture in a quite remarkable manner, is 28 inches by 34—bigger than our National Gallery copy—and is thus the largest etching ever executed. M. Waltner has been for five years engaged upon his task continuously, and for this labor he received four thousand pounds from the publishers. One of the drawbacks in etching a plate from a picture which hangs in a public gallery is the hampering curiosity of visitors; and besides this, there is the arrangement of tools and accessories—for a mirror must be used to enable the engraver to represent the picture backward on his copper, so that when printed the subject may appear as it is in the original. Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., the publishers, have been for nearly the whole five years collecting the fifty parchment skins suitable for the "artist's proofs" which have been struck off, as the abnormal size is seldom attained by a good sheepskin. It is curious to note that the whole of these proofs, issued at the phenomenal price of one hundred guineas, have been taken up before issued on the strength of an impression from the unfinished plate—an eloquent reply to the cry that the days of etching, from the collectors' and connoisseurs' point of view, are numbered.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

—Few more valuable contributions have been made in recent years to Irish paleography than the paper by the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy on the "Stowe Missal," which has been published in Vol. XXVII of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. The MS. known by that name is one of the oldest remains of the work executed by the early Christian scribes, portion, at least, of the volume dating back to the seventh century. The book, in its present condition, was an object of veneration in the tenth century, and the costly shrine in which it was enclosed was made at the cost of Mac Craith, King of Cashel, and Donchad O'Brien, son of Brian Boru. The name of the writer of the earlier portion of the contents is unknown, except in so far as the Ogham line in the colophon, which Dr. McCarthy reads *Sonid*, gives a clue to it. The greater portion of the MS. is devoted to the Missal proper, "the most valuable liturgical monument which has been preserved of

the early Irish, and, probably, of any other Western Church." Many scholars have written of it; but the nature of the subject required a combination of rare qualifications. It was not enough that the writer who would adequately treat it should be a profound scholar and a sagacious critic; it was still more necessary that he should have mastered the history of the early Irish Church, and acquainted himself with all that is known of its liturgy and practices. Dr. McCarthy brought to the investigation upon which he entered a vast score of erudition and a patient zeal, and the result is his admirable monograph.—*Irish American*.

—A VERITABLE POEM OF POEMS.—Mrs. H. A. Deming, of San Francisco, is said to have occupied a year in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight English poets. Following are the names of the authors:

- 1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
- 2—Life's a short summer, man a flower.
- 3—By turns we catch the vital breath, and die.
- 4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
- 5—To be is better far than not to be,
- 6—'Though man's life may seem a tragedy;
- 7—But light cares speak when mighty cares are dumb,
- 8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
- 9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;
- 10—Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
- 11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
- 12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
- 13—Custom does often rea-on overrule,
- 14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
- 15—Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven.
- 16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
- 17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
- 18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not place;
- 19—Then keep each passion down, however dear;
- 20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;
- 21—Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasure lay
- 22—With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
- 23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
- 24—We masters grow of all that we despise.
- 25—O, then renounce that impious self-esteem;
- 26—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
- 27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
- 28—The path of glory leads but to the grave.
- 29—What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.
- 30—Only destructive to the brave and great.
- 31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
- 32—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
- 33—How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
- 34—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
- 35—Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
- 36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
- 37—The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
- 38—For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Baily; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Crowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakspeare.

Scientific Notes.

—A new attachment to the microscope has been devised, the object of which is to observe the melting points of minerals while under the process of examination.

—M. Chevreul, the eminent French chemist, now 101 years old, regularly attends the meetings of the French Academy, and takes an active part in the proceedings.

—In Germany the microphone is now used for tracing leaks in water-pipes, the slightest trickling of the water being made distinctly audible when the apparatus is brought nearest.

—A recent writer has shown that the yellowing of paper is due to the oxidation of paper by light, and especially the more refrangible rays. The discoloration is more marked in wood papers than in rag papers, and more rapid in moist than in dry air. Two practical results of this study are, first, to keep libraries as dry as possible, and secondly, that the electric light is far inferior to gas or oil, as the refrangible rays form so large a proportion of its light.

—The application of electricity to photography has rendered possible many remarkable observations. It has been applied to the study of the path of the lightning's flash. Thus, Herr Leyst, of the Pawlowsk Observatory, has shown that a flash not unfrequently divides into two or more branches. In one observation the flash divided into two branches, at an angle of about seventy-five, and after passing over a certain space the branches turned toward each other, and were presently reunited. In another observation exactly the same path was traversed four times in rapid succession. The following thunder lasted for eighty seconds.

—A most prominent archæological study is now being carried out near Cairo, Egypt—the unearthing of the famous Sphinx of Gizeh. About one-third of the sand has been removed, disclosing the forepaws and a portion of the right side. The paws are made of brick, and not of the stone material of the rest of the figure. When looked at from above, the figure lacks symmetry, and M. Maspéro is of the opinion that if this lack of symmetry should hold true for the whole figure, the Sphinx must ante-date the great pyramids, which are marked by harmony in all details. Reports from further excavations are therefore eagerly awaited.

—"What is right (or left) handedness?" Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, has endeavored to demonstrate before the Royal Society of Canada its cause. His conclusion is that left-handedness is due to the extraordinary development of the right hemisphere of the brain, and *vice-versa*. Dr. Wilson has studied this difficult matter from various standpoints, and finally concludes as above. He is himself left-handed, and so confident is he in his theory that he expressed in his paper the desire that on his death his own brain be examined "for further settling this physiological puzzle. If my ideas are correct, I anticipate as a result of its examination that the right hemisphere will not only be found to be heavier than the left, but that it will probably be marked by a noticeable difference in the number and arrangement of the convolutions."

College Gossip.

—The Rev. P. McEvoy, Vice-Rector of the *Collegio de Nobles Irlandeses*, Salamanca, has been promoted to a chair in the time-honored university of that city, and will soon formally take his seat there as Professor of English.

—The annual reunion of the Vassar Alumni Association of New York and vicinity took place January 29, at the Brunswick Hotel. The endowment fund committee reported that \$10,000 had been paid for the establishment of an observatory at Vassar College.

—The new Catholic College in Salt Lake City, Utah, is prospering. It has at present fifty-seven boarders and seventy-five day scholars. The Sisters' schools in Salt Lake, Ogden and Park City, are all in a flourishing condition. The attendance, —boarders and day scholars—is between 700 and 800.—*Catholic Citizen*.

—The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Canadian College in Rome took place on the 24th ult. Cardinal Howard officiated. Among those present were Cardinals Gibbons and Tascheran; Mgr. Azarian, Patriarch of the Armenian Catholics; Mgr. O'Connell, of the American College; Mgr. O'Callaghan, of the English College; Mgr. Campbell, of the Scotch College; Archbishop Kirby, of the Irish College, and many other dignitaries, together with a Canadian deputation.

—It is proposed by the students of the Roman Pontifical Seminary to erect a monument that will stand as a monument forever to the memory of Leo XIII. The students are preparing an appeal to all the seminaries and colleges of the Catholic world, requesting them to assist in raising a monument to the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas, who, as special patron of the Catholic Church, will be honored in a manner that will recall to future generations the spiritual reign of Leo XIII. The proposal has been blessed by the Holy Father.

—The following juvenile composition is taken from an exchange: "A codfish is the only Annymal that ain't got no neck. There ain't but one kind of a fish in the world that lives on the land and Flys round in the air, and that is a fish hawk. A codfish has a large mouth, and my sunday school Teechers got a large mouth, too. Two kids got fiteing one day, one of them pulled quite a lot of Hair out of the other kids Hed, and the Superintending pounded one of his ears with a book, and so they quit. A fish would look funny if they had legs and could run."

—The University of Louvain has recently sustained the loss, by death, of one of her most valued patrons. Mgr. Pieraerts, the Rector Magnificus of the University, after a long and painful illness, expired last month, at the age of fifty-two. He was born in Antwerp, and passed all his life in educational pursuits, first as a student and afterwards as professor. In 1872 he was appointed to fill the chair of Latin in the University of Louvain, and nine years after was advanced to the headship

of that renowned institution of learning. He enjoyed during his tenure of offices not only the respect and esteem, but also the warmest affection of the students who were under his care. Himself a great patron of learning, as well as enthusiastic teacher, he is to be credited with much of the great success of the University during the past years in the higher branches of research, especially in the physical sciences, in particular that of biology. A great and good man has been lost to Louvain, and one whose place will not be easily filled.—*Ave Maria*.

—THE OLDEST UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA.—A Michigan newspaper having asserted that Harvard College, which was established at Cambridge, Mass., in 1636, was the oldest University in America, Mr. William J. Onahan writes: "I believe it is admitted that *Laval College, Quebec, founded by the Jesuits*, can justly claim priority over Harvard.

"Let us see what the authorities say on this subject: Parkman, in his work, 'The Jesuits in North America,' concedes it. He says: '*A year before the building of Harvard College* the Jesuits began a wooden structure in the rear of the fort (Quebec), and there, within one inclosure, was the Huron Seminary and the college for French boys.' In the 'History of the Ursulines of Quebec,' published by that venerable community, Laval College is stated to have been 'opened in 1635.' In Heriat's 'Canada,' the claim is made that 'the College of the Jesuits at Quebec was long considered as the first institution on the continent of America for the instruction of young men.' The honored authority, John Gilmary Shea, in his work on the Catholic missions, shows that the foundation in question originated in 1626, and was due to the pious zeal of the Marquis de Gamache, who gave a munificent donation—48,000 *livres*—towards the purposes of endowment. The testimony of the historian Bancroft will, no doubt, be accepted as conclusive. I quote from his 'History of the United States' (Vol. III, 14th edition): 'To confirm the mission, the first measure was the establishment of a college in New France, and the parents of the Marquis de Gamache, pleased with his pious importunity, assented to his entering the Order of the Jesuits and added from their ample fortunes the means of endowing a seminary for education at Quebec. Its foundation was laid, under happy auspices, in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living, *two years before the emigration of John Harvard*, and one year before the *general court of Massachusetts had made provision for a college.*' (The italics are mine.)

"Of course, in the face of these authorities and citations, the assertion that Harvard is the oldest college in America cannot be sustained. Laval College possesses undoubted priority over Harvard. But there is still an older college than either, which can lay claim to the distinction. Mexico is entitled to precedence over both Canada and the United States. Fully one hundred years before the establishment of either Laval or Harvard, the College of St. Ildefonso was founded by Bishop Ramirez, in the city of Mexico. It dates from 1531."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 5, 1887.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Just as we go to press, the sad and painful intelligence reaches us of the death of the revered and honored Directress of St. Mary's Academy—MOTHER MARY OF ST. ANGELA—who departed this life yesterday (Friday) morning at the Mother-House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind. This mournful news will be a most painful shock and the source of the most poignant regret to the hundreds of friends of St. Mary's and the deceased religious, in the Old and New World. For upwards of forty years she had been closely and directly identified with the foundation and progress of St. Mary's Academy and the Sisters of Holy Cross, in whose development and extension throughout the United States, she successfully employed all the talents and qualities of a rarely gifted mind. Mother Angela, for many years the Superior of the Sisters of Holy Cross, was well known throughout the land as one whose services in behalf of Religion and Education were most invaluable, and commanded the respect and attention of those who realize the importance and effectiveness of these great foundation stones of the stability of society and the worth of the individual. The numerous schools and academies of the Sisters of Holy Cross in the United States—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Minnesota to Louisiana—owe their establishment and progress chiefly to her great, active and penetrating mind. Her services, too, during the late Civil War, ministering to the care of wounded, dying soldiers, with the devoted band of religious in her charge, added greatly to the merits of an active, self-sacrificing career; and the many hospitals and asylums which, through her instrumentality, were entrusted to the direction of the religious of Holy Cross, will re-

main the noble monuments of a life of devotion to the glory of God and the good of her fellow-beings.

To the natural powers and abilities of a gifted soul were added the taste, culture and refinement which a superior education had imparted, and which left their impress upon all her undertakings, and insured their success and perpetuity. A writer of no ordinary ability, she contributed greatly to the Catholic literature of America, in the preparation of a well-known series of Catholic school books, and notably in her association, for a time, with the conduct of that excellent and world-renowned magazine, the *Ave Maria*.

But in the limited time and space now at our disposal, we cannot do even partial justice to her memory. We shall leave it to another and more capable pen to pay, in our next week's issue, that just tribute of praise due to the life and work of Mother Angela. We respectfully tender our most sincere sympathy to the bereaved mother and relatives of the departed religious, with the consoling assurance that a life so meritorious will surely receive the hundredfold recompense promised by our loving Saviour. May she rest in peace!

—An ancient philosopher has said: "Know thyself;" yet a knowledge of one's own character, abilities, opinions, virtues, and vices is as difficult an acquisition as it is important. It is no agreeable thing to investigate our faults, our errors and our vices. We are partial to ourselves, and are apt to judge favorably even when we are plainly in the wrong. Besides, to discover our real character is not the work of a few days; it is the work of years, requiring habitual attention.

But if there are difficulties to be encountered in acquiring this self-knowledge, they are more than counterbalanced by the advantages which accrue to us from it. When we know the extent of our abilities we shall never rashly undertake enterprises where our exertions may bring us harm instead of good. Investigating our opinions, we discover those which are erroneous, and which lead us, by little and little, into vice. Scrutinizing our virtues and our vices, we learn what principles should be made strong, and what habits should be corrected.

As man is a rational and intelligent being, he is capable of improvement, and is subject to many failings. If he acts without thought, without examining his principles, he is liable to be led by his passions into great crimes. If he aims at acquisitions noble and valuable, he must have some definite plan of action; he must not do anything without deliberation and forethought. He is not as the tree or the flower, which attain perfection by the workings of external causes; he is possessed of powers within himself which must be used, and used with care and judgment, that the perfection of his nature may be attained. That he may be enabled to exert these powers rightly, he must know what his duty is—and, knowing it, must seriously examine into himself, reviewing his principles and conduct, that he may see whether he is

performing his duty, or in what respects he has failed to do so. Should he discover that he has wandered from virtue and truth, and has in aught trod the way of error or vice, he will naturally seek to discover the causes which led him to do so, that for the time to come he may avoid them. This is the method by which every reformation, whether of the individual or the state, has been accomplished, as it is likewise the method by which the arts have been brought to greater perfection. Without self-knowledge, or that knowledge of our character which is acquired from a comparison of our principles with the true standard of morality, we are unable to make plans, form resolutions, or exert ourselves to do away with any vicious habit we may have contracted. Without it we are wholly unable to strengthen ourselves in those principles of virtue in which we are deficient.

Damon and Pythias.

The members of the Columbian Society will play, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, the drama of "Damon and Pythias." This drama was written by John Banim, the author of the celebrated "Tales of the O'Hara Family." It was revised by Richard Lalor Shiel, and from this circumstance the authorship of it was for a long time attributed to him. It was given to the public, for the first time, on the night of the 28th of May, 1821, at the Covent Garden Theatre.

Everybody knows the story of "*Damon and Pythias*," as told by Valerius Maximus. By Banim the story has not been greatly altered.

The timid and corrupt Senate of Syracuse, having chosen for its president Philistius, the creature of the military dictator Dionysius, the latter sees in that choice the speedy realization of his daring and ambitious views. He instructs Procles, one of his readiest tools, to gull the multitude by divination; and when Damocles, another minion, reminds him of his former degradation from power, at the appeal of Damon,

"The Pythagorean,

Who hangs out his austerity for sale,
In frowns, closed lips and pithy sentences,"

the tyrant threatens to visit his opponent, at some future period, with the full measure of his revenge. Instigated by the gold of Dionysius and the eloquence of Procles, the soldiers storm the citadel and possess themselves of its arms and treasures. As they are returning, laden with spoils, and headed by Procles, they encounter Damon, who reproaches the "obstreperous traitors," and denounces Dionysius. Procles, burning with rage, brands him for a liar and a traitor, and commands the soldiers to hew him to pieces—which they would have done, but for the opportune entrance of Pythias, who stands between the assassins and his friend. For his sake, being a warrior like themselves, Damon is spared; and then Pythias acquaints him with his affair in Syracuse, which is to espouse Calanthe; and Damon, though troubled in mind, and brooding over a variety of concealed plans for his coun-

try's liberty, promises to be present at the nuptials.

The sudden flight of the Carthaginians at the very mention that Dionysius and his legions were in arms against them, is urged by Philistius to the Senate, not only as a reason why they should pardon his unconstitutional attack upon the citadel, but also that they should resign their functions, and crown him king! Dionysius had taken the wise precaution to have his armed soldiers and satellites posted around the senate-house, so that when Damon comes to take his seat among that once august assembly, he is rudely obstructed. He, however, forces his way, and earnestly asks, to this scandalous proposition, "Are all content?" Finding his impassioned appeals to the expiring patriotism of his degraded countrymen grow dangerous, Philistius abruptly dissolves the Senate, and the abject slaves do homage and kneel to Dionysius as their sovereign! This crowning servility drives Damon to the highest pitch of exasperation. He rushes on the regal tyrant to stab him, but is foiled in the attempt. For this he is condemned to die.

The bridal guests are assembled in the temple of Hymen; the hymn is solemnly chanted, and the betrothed are about to pronounce their mutual vows, when Lucullus enters hurriedly and whispers to the bridegroom. All changes to consternation and mystery. Pythias, haggard and terrified, and deaf to the tears and remonstrances of Calanthe, departs with Lucullus.

Damon has implored of Dionysius the respite of six short hours, that he might see his wife and child before he dies. This has been sternly refused. Pythias appears at this trying moment, and demands to be led to the king. The king enters, accompanied by Damocles. Pythias throws himself at his feet, and offers to become hostage for his friend. Astounded at the strange offer—for Dionysius believes not in friendship—he grants the request. Damon is released, and Pythias, loaded with chains, is conducted to his dungeon.

In that dungeon he is visited by Dionysius in disguise, who informs him that the tyrant has despatched an armed force to intercept Damon on his return. He offers him life and liberty, and introduces Calanthe, and his aged father, Nicias, as the companions of his flight. But neither woman's love nor paternal affection can shake the settled purpose of Pythias to abide the issue—

"Yet would I live,
But not dishonor'd!"

Damon arrives in safety at his villa; and his interview with Hermione and his child is pathetically described. The anxious, watchful eye of the former discovers the emotion that trembles within him—

"Damon, thy cheek,
Thy lip is quivering—art sick, or grieved
With some discomfiture?"

He relates the brief story of his condemnation to death, and the rare friendship of Pythias. "Thou shalt not return!" cries Hermione. But if Pythias was resolved to die nobly, rather than live dishonored, Damon partakes the stern resolution of his friend, and departs, calling Lucullus to bring forth his steed,

Damon:—Where's my horse?

Luc.:—When I beheld the means of saving you
I could not hold my hand—my heart was in it,
And in my heart, the hope of giving life
And liberty to Damon: and—

Damon:—Go on!

I am listening to thee!

Luc.:—And in the hope to save you,
I slew your steed!

"Six poor minutes only!" are left for the return of Damon, when the prison gates are flung open, and Pythias advances towards the scaffold, around which are assembled Calanthe and her mother Arria, Damocles, Procles, the executioner, and guards. Dionysius, still in disguise, hovers, like an evil spirit, round the fatal scene. Hope is now lost forever, and Calanthe takes a last farewell of Pythias. Suddenly a shout is heard:

"By the gods,
A horse, and horseman!"

Damon rushes in. He has kept his most holy vow to friendship, and in the agony of his joy falls insensible upon the scaffold!

After a brief explanation from Damon as to his perilous delay, Dionysius, advancing between the two friends, throws off his disguise, and pardons the condemned. "I see," cries the converted tyrant,

"The glorious spark which the Eternal One
Struck from Himself into the soul of man,
Blaze up in such excelling majesty,
It awes, while it illumines my heart!"

The drama has been altered so as to be played by male characters alone. In making this alteration, it was not necessary to change any of the essential parts. We have no doubt but the Columbians will bring it out in a manner which will do credit to each member individually and to all as a society. The moral of the play is such that no one can find the least fault with it on that score. The parts have all been given out, and the rehearsals will soon commence.

Books and Periodicals.

—*St. Nicholas* for March opens with a charming frontispiece illustration, by Birch, to E. S. Brooks's seventh "Historic Girl," "Jacqueline of Holland," and not one of her six predecessors beats the Dutch girl in interest or heroism. Then follow the story of a story-writer, "The Boyhood of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by William H. Rideing, and one of Aldrich's finest poems, "The Piscataqua River." R. K. Munkittrick writes a clever sketch of a real turtle in a mock pathetic style. "A Lesson in Patriotism" is Noah Brooks's true version of a chapter in his story "The Fairport Nine," and of its stirring sequel twenty years later. There is a delightful fairy tale for girls by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, illustrated by Dora Wheeler; and a practical paper for boys, "Commercial Traveller," by George J. Manson.

—The opening number of the current volume of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* is up to the usual high standard of excellence which characterizes the various issues of this sterling periodical. The first article is from the pen of Rev.

J. Ming, S. J., who contributes a learned and masterly paper on "Science and Speculative Philosophy." After setting forth the relation of experience to knowledge, and the difference between experience and reason, Father Ming proceeds to the consideration of the main question: "Surrounded, as we are, by a material world that strikes our senses and impresses itself on our mind, how shall we reach those sublime ideas of a sphere eternal and immutable?" He then critically examines and refutes the modern speculations of phenomenonism, Kantism and agnosticism, and clearly expounds and defends the true doctrine of the scholastic philosophy. Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D., writes on "Pope Clement VIII and Beatrice Cenci," in which the falsehood and malice of the charges of cruelty and cupidity against Pope Clement are thoroughly exposed. In "Some Pagan Theories of Revelation" Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge treats of the relation of different schools of Hinduism to its sacred code, the Veda, which is the basis at once of the literature and the religion of India. He shows the fallacy in the Hindu reasoning by which the different sects seek to uphold the "infallibility" of their code. The Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Becker, Bishop of Savannah, contributes a learned and very entertaining paper on "Surnames and their Mutations." An interesting historical article on "Don Carlos and Isabella de Valois" is written by Hon. Charles Gayarré. Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P., writes on "Irish Needs and English Parties," and explains the Irish contention for home and tenant rights and proves their justice. He sets forth also the present tenants' "plan of campaign" against their landlords, and proves its equity. The other articles are: "Mr. Mallock on the Labor and Social Movements," by John MacCarthy; "The Geological Indications of Coal and Petroleum in Nebraska," by Rev. J. F. Rigge, S. J.; "Late Editions of the Fathers," by Rt. Rev. James A. Corcoran, D. D.; "Puritan Treatment of the American Indians," etc.

—The Lincoln history, in the *Century* for March, enters upon a new stage of the life of its subject, the first period of his intellectual development, including the first forty years of his life and ending with his term in Congress, now having been considered. The second period of about ten years, concluding with his speech-making in New York and New England, is now to be treated; and the particular topic for the present month is "The Movement for Slavery Extension," these pages being preliminary to the study of Lincoln's relation to the anti-slavery movement. Messrs. Hay and Nicolay date the slavery controversy as far back as the time of *The May Flower*, and follow it from then down to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The portraits of the number are of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, President Pierce, Cass, Houston, Atchison, Dixon, Aiken, Richardson, and Banks. A historical map of the United States in 1854 is also given, showing the various accessions of territory. A valuable "Open Letter" on "Lincoln's Ancestors in Virginia," with original documents, is contributed by John T. Har-

ris, Jr., of Harrisonburg, Virginia. Mr. Charles F. Benjamin—formerly a clerk in the War Department—contributes his recollections of Secretary Stanton, which give a well-rounded presentation of one of the most striking individualities of the war. Coming after the recent discussion of the relations of McClellan and Stanton, this paper will be read with special attention. As an illustration of one among the striking traits in Mr. Stanton's character, we quote the following:

"With all his religious fervor, Mr. Stanton was a tolerant man in religion, as I have shown him to have been in politics. As the Federal armies penetrated and spread themselves over the South, there was much unavoidable distress and disturbance of the Roman Catholic conventual establishments connected with education and charity, and the sisterhoods, and often priests in charge of congregations, would appeal to the Archbishop of Baltimore for aid in getting their lot in various ways ameliorated by the authorities at Washington. The Archbishop would transmit the more urgent and meritorious of these appeals to Colonel Hardie, chief of the military staff at the War Department and a devout Catholic, who would submit them to the Secretary, unwilling to assume any responsibility himself in matters that touched him so closely. Colonel Hardie has told me how surprised he used to be at the patience and liberality of Mr. Stanton in dealing with these appeals, and how, upon one occasion, when he expressed a fear that he was exposing himself to censure in making himself the repeated vehicle of such applications, the Secretary put him at his ease by replying: 'I shall censure you when you fail in your duty of bringing all necessary and proper matters to my attention,—these included.'"

A full-page engraving of Mr. Stanton's portrait is printed as the frontispiece of the Magazine. Other entertaining articles, tales of fiction, poetry, numerous excellent engravings, etc., go to make up a very enjoyable number of this popular periodical.

Personal.

—Mrs. James O'Neill, of New York City, is visiting her son Jamie, of the Minim department.

—Will. Cooney, of '86, is an official in the Register Department of the Post-Office at Cleveland.

—Lewis Roth (Com'l), '73, is engaged in an extensive and profitable business in Cincinnati, Ohio.

—E. J. O'Brien, of '83, holds a responsible position on the City Engineer's Staff of Cincinnati. Ed. is meeting with gratifying success in his efforts to become foremost in his chosen profession—Civil Engineering.

—Rev. P. W. Condon, C. S. C., formerly Prefect of Discipline in the University of Notre Dame, and now Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., was recently made one of the Deans of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., returned to Notre Dame last Wednesday, after an extended vacation on account of his health. We are glad to state that Father Cooney has been greatly improved, and will, we hope, soon enjoy perfect health.

—The marriage of Miss Marion Muir, of Morrison, Col., to Mr. S. Richardson, Moab, Utah, occurred recently. This talented lady's contributions to the press of the country, both prose and

poetry, have been much admired by thousands, who will hope her new relation in life will not prevent their continuance.—*Pilot*.

—Michael Kauffman, of '76, Cincinnati, still manifests a warm interest in the cause of education, as evidenced by his recent generous donation of a gold medal, for artistic drawing, to St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati. Mr. Kauffman has, with his brother, assumed the management of the large estate left by the demise of his father.

—Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D. D., Bishop of Ft. Wayne, visited the College last Wednesday, remaining until Friday evening. The visit of our Bishop was most agreeable and welcome to the Faculty and students, all of whom were pleased to see him enjoying the best of health and as kind and pleasant as ever. We hope his Lordship will soon find time to favor us with another visit.

—John F. Soule (Com'l), '73, is the director of an extensive and prosperous mining territory at Hoquiam, W. T. A letter, recently received from him by a member of the Faculty, recounts the pleasant remembrances still retained of bright and happy college days, and expresses the most cordial feelings towards former Professors, with best wishes for the continued success of *Alma Mater*. Mr. Soule's many friends at Notre Dame are pleased to hear of his success.

—Rev. M. P. Fallize, '76, Rector of St. Joseph's Church, South Bend, Ind., received last week the pleasing intelligence of the elevation of his brother, M. l'Abbé Fallize, of Luxembourg, to the Prefecture Apostolic of Norway. The incumbent of this dignity—which marks the highest ecclesiastical authority in missionary countries without an established hierarchy—possesses all the powers of a Bishop without the Episcopal title and consecration. The new Prefect Apostolic, upon whom the Holy See has conferred this great distinction and mark of confidence, will reside at Christiania.

—Very Rev. Father Corby, of Notre Dame, is in the city, the guest of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger. Father Corby was for many years the President of Notre Dame University, and now holds the distinguished office of Provincial of the Order of Holy Cross for the United States. The eminent divine will remain in the city until Monday. He will preach in the Cathedral to-morrow at the 10-30 services. Father Corby was a chaplain for three years during the late civil war, serving in the army of the Potomac. He was with the boys in blue under command of Generals McClellan, Burnside, Meade, Hooker, and Grant. Among other of the great battles, Father Corby was in the fearful slaughter of the Rapahannock and at Gettysburg. The reverend gentleman is the picture of health, and his martial bearing is by no means obscured in his clerical garb and the benign smile he wears upon his countenance.—*Ft. Wayne Sentinel*, Feb. 26.

Father Corby returned to Notre Dame on Wednesday, after an official visit to the Houses and schools of the Order, in Ft. Wayne, Lafayette, and other cities in the State, all of which he found to be in a flourishing condition.

Local Items.

- Spring-fever.
- Get your Spring-poem ready.
- March capered in like a lamb.
- Spring is in the neighborhood.
- The boat-club's cry for aid is out.
- "I'm trying to look serenely ironical."
- The lower lake has donned its spring suit of blue.
- The season of blizzards and coal-bills has gone.
- Au revoir!*
- Spring poets, like spring beds, are apt to give way at any time.
- The expected boom degenerated into a boom-let, and then died.
- When a voluble tongue commences to wag, no consideration can stop it.
- The prospects of getting the "class-slippers" are bright—in fact, dazzling.
- The walking delegate has fallen by the way-side, and is almost forgotten.
- It is not easy to "grind out" a "local" when an amateur is trying his voice near by.
- Our ancient Shanghai rooster is beginning to treat us with occasional rounds of old crow.
- The Mendelssohn Quintette, of Boston, will, in all probability, be the next attraction here.
- Principle and prestige may, perchance, antagonize in individuals, but never, we believe, in institutions or corporations.
- Our genial Prof. Lyons was quite ill during the early part of the week; but now, we are glad to say, he is happily convalescent.
- We hope that our little suggestion in regard to cement walks around the western wing of the main building will not be forgotten.
- "Damon and Pythias" is the play selected by the Columbians for the entertainment on the 17th—St. Patrick's Day. Everything indicates that the exhibition will be highly successful.
- Capt. Cusack reports a total of 59 enlisted men and officers in Co. "A," H. L. G., and Capt. Craig, of Co. "B," reports a membership of 62 in his company. The H. L. G.'s are in a most flourishing condition.
- Among the visitors during the week were: Mrs. P. Cavanagh, Mrs. J. S. Cooke, Miss A. Dillon, Miss M. Dillon, Chicago, Ill.; M. V. Monarch, Owensboro, Ky.; Mrs. A. E. Cartier, Ludington, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hodge, Keokuk, Iowa.
- We again call attention to the fact that it would be a great convenience all around if the secretaries of the various societies would hand in their reports earlier in the week. They should attend to this duty the day after the society meeting.
- At the 19th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held Wednesday, Feb. 23, Master F. Long read a well-prepared criticism on the exercises of the previous meeting.

Essays were read by Masters W. Austin, L. P. Chute and T. Goebel.

—The closing days of February were very stormy—a regular high old blizzard prevailing on the 27th; but the first days of March have been mild and pleasant. What does all this portend? But—we forgot—the occupation of our local weather prophets is like Othello's—gone.

—We are glad to see that work on the Dome has been resumed. Of course, there remained but little exteriorly to be finished—but that concerned the great circular and square windows—and it is the placing of the frames of these that we hail with such satisfaction; of course, the glass will soon follow.

—The 9th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Monday, the 28th ult., in St. Edward's Hall. Papers were read by Masters G. Jewett, W. McDonnell, C. Mooney, J. Mahon, B. Triplett, A. Sullivan, W. Williamson, R. Munro, H. Huiskamp, A. Williamson and Frank Toolen.

—A fine portrait in oil of Rt. Rev. J. Timon, first Bishop of Buffalo, by Machen, has been placed in position in Bishops' Memorial Hall. The painting is elegantly framed in gold and virgin ash; and by old settlers who saw the Bishop present at the Dedication of the College in '66, it is pronounced to be an excellent likeness.

—It is reported that work will soon begin on the erection of a new building to correspond to Science Hall, thus completing the original design and plan of the University Halls. The new structure will be large and commodious, and devoted to the Library, with recitation and private rooms for the advanced classical students.

—A meeting of the Junior Branch of the Arch-confraternity was held Sunday evening, Feb. 27. Messrs. McPhee and Long read well-written papers, the former upon the "Rosary," and the latter upon the "Forty Hours' Devotion." Messrs. Goebel, Chute and Cavanagh were appointed to prepare papers for the next meeting, after which an appropriate instruction was given by the President, Rev. Father Morrissey.

—Prof. Hoynes returned Tuesday morning from Chicago, where he was engaged for several days in the trial of the case of John C. Thomas vs. the Star and Crescent Milling Company. The case was tried in the Superior Court, and Hon. John Gibbons and Prof. Hoynes were the attorneys for the plaintiff. Though sturdily contested by the defendant, they were entirely successful, securing a verdict for \$5,300 in favor of the plaintiff.

—Very Rev. Father General honored the students of St. Edward's Hall with a pleasant visit last Wednesday. Noticing a little altar decorated in honor of St. Joseph in the study-hall, he took occasion to speak of the dedication of the month of March to the glorious Patriarch. After speaking at length of the virtues and trials of this, the most favored of all the saints, he concluded by saying: "St. Joseph is in an especial manner the Patron of little boys, whom he regards as brothers of the

Divine Child entrusted to his guardianship." The Very Rev. speaker was so enthusiastic in his eloquent eulogium of St. Joseph, whom he regards as the Patron Saint of Notre Dame, that the Minims will not soon forget his burning words.

—A course of lectures, for the benefit of the collegiate students, will be inaugurated in a few days. The lectures will be delivered in the large lecture-room of Science Hall, and the subjects treated will embrace a variety of interesting and instructive topics. A number of members of the Faculty have kindly consented to lend their aid to the movement, which, we doubt not, will be greatly appreciated by all who are privileged to attend. The names of the speakers, with the subjects of their discourses, are, as at present arranged, as follows: Rev. J. A. Zahm will lecture on "What the Church has not Done for Science"; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, on "The Microscope in Science"; Prof. A. J. Stace, on "Versification"; Prof. John G. Ewing, on "Modern Studies in Ancient History"; Prof. J. Fearnley, on "The World's Oldest Poem"; Prof. A. F. Zahm, on "Technical Education"; Prof. M. O'Dea, on "Electric Lighting."

—"Every month," says a highly respected correspondent, "the pupils of Notre Dame University, who belong to the Philosophical Society, hold a meeting during which there is always an interesting debate on leading questions of the day. Among the subjects discussed are 'Socialism,' 'The Foundation of the Moral Law,' 'The Right of Private Ownership,' 'The Best Form of Government,' 'Creation,' 'Origin of Life,' and so on. These debates are calculated to give the students solid, practical answers to the objections made by nineteenth century sciolists, and consequently to refute the so-called scientific theories of agnostics and evolutionists. Notre Dame is, if I mistake not, about the only college in the West in which such discussions take place, in a popular form, among the students of philosophy, and the result of it cannot but be of great avail both to our holy religion and this great Republic in which we live." —*Chicago Citizen, Feb. 26.*

—The Historical Department has received the following gifts: steel engraving of the Historian, Rev. Father Charlevoix, S. J., from Dr. Shea; two pamphlets from Dr. Lambing; two portraits of Napoleon Bonaparte from J. Orr; *In Leonis Africani Descriptionem Africae, Lugd. Batav. Apud Elzevir, 1632*, presented by Dr. William J. Onahan; memoir of Father Vincent de Paul, religious of La Trappe, translated from the original French by A. M. Pope, from Rev. D. H.; Catholic Directories for the years 1837, 1845, 1851; portrait of Ven. Anthony Margil, O. S. F., portrait of Father Jogues, S. J., from Dr. John Gilmary Shea; American coins, from Master J. Cooney; photographs of the exterior and interior of his beautiful new church, from Rev. Father de Cailly; autograph letter of Maj.-General E. Upton, from Prof. Leon Roger; large engravings of first Battle of Bull Run, Battle of New Berne, N. C., Battle of Gettysburg, Battle of Fredericksburg, Battle of Shiloh, Attack on Fort Sumpter, Bombardment

of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, from E. Edwards; framed picture of St. Laurent College, two negatives showing face on reverse of an antique Spanish crucifix found in Arizona, from Rev. A. Granger; several valuable political works from Hon. James Ward.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.:—Precious mitre used by Rt. Rev. Bishop De Oca, presented by Rev. F. Xaverius. Breviary and pontifical gloves used by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosecrans; Record of the Second Diocesan Synod of Columbus, from Rev. Father Mullane. Gold embroidered sandals, etc., used by Archbishop Purcell, presented by Rev. Father O'Rourke. Letters written by American Prelates, from Mr. Hickey. Letters written by Bishop Loras before and after his ordination, from Rev. F. de Cailly. Document penned by Bishop Rappe, from Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour. Printed pastorals of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger; sketch and portrait of Mgr. Benoit, from Rev. Father Lang. Form of consecration of a Bishop according to the Latin Rite, from Mr. Foley. Precious mitre, heavily embroidered with pure gold and with the coat of arms of its owner, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lefebvre, worked in colored silks; Bishop Lefebvre's episcopal gloves of red silk embroidered with gold, and pontifical sandals, presented by Bishop Borgess, of Detroit. Large silver medal of the twenty-first year of the pontificate of Pope Pius IX, from E. Murray. Pastoral letters of Archbishop Heiss, Bishop Flasch and Bishop Katzer, from J. Flood. Two pictures of Bishop Demers, from H. Chassane. Nine pamphlets on various subjects by Archbishop Hughes; Read's Life of Bishop England, from Sister Martha. Translation from the French of several documents by Bishop Dubourg, from Sister Germain. Photographs of Bishop Chabrat and Bishop Neuman, from D. Ramirez. Casket containing souvenirs of Bishop Gartland, from J. Rutledge. Two letters penned by Bishop Connolly, from Rev. F. McDonald. Crozier of gold plated brass used by Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, from Rev. Father G—. Three letters written by Bishop Rappe, from Sister Cecilia. Jewelled casket containing souvenir of Bishop Smyth, presented by Miss M. Meagher.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. M. Akin, Ashton, Aubrey, Beckwith, J. Burke, P. Burke, Baca, Barnes, Bush, Barrett, Bernhart, Burns, Colna, Craig, W. Crowley, Cusack, W. Cartier, G. Cartier, Craft, Cassidy, W. Dorsey, S. Dorsey, Dore, Dreever, F. Dempsey, Eyanson, Grever, Gallardo, Galarneau, Gordon, Gibbs, Griffin, Houck, Hiner, Hummer, Hagerty, Judie, Jeffs, Kelly, Kreutzer, Kleiber, Kramer, Kendall, Lally, Ley, Langan, Lyons, Luther, J. McDermott, T. McDermott, Marx, McErlain, McAlister, Mallay, V. Morrison, McNamara, Myers, McNally, Neill, Nelson, Andrew Nicholl, Alfred Nicholl, O'Rourke, O'Regan, O'Kane, L. O'Malley, O'Donnell, Padilla, P. P. Prudhomme, P. Prudhomme, Prichard, Pender, Ryan, Rheinberger, Rothert, Rodriguez, Regan, Rochford, A. Rudd, Suing, W. Sullivan, O. Sullivan, Shields, Stubbs, Shannon, Smith, Strasser, Triplett, Woodman, Woodbridge, Wilson, M. White, F. Weber, A. Williams, Wagoner, W. Williams, W. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Austin, Adams, Anderson, R. Bronson, H. Bronson, Bodley, Badger, Bunker, Bull, Brabrook, H. Boland, W. Boland, Burns, Black, Berry, Bruce, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, J. Clarke, Cleveland, Carney, Cavanagh, Clifford, Cobbs, L. Chute, F. Chute, G. Cooke, Devine, J. Doss, Draper, Dempsey, E. Darragh, T. Darragh, Ewing, Fitzharris, Falter, F. Flynn, Figgi, Flood, Freeman, Galarneau, Goebel, Girten, Hoffman, Houlihan, Hart, A. Hake, T. Hake, Hannin, Hayes, Hampton, Higgins, Howard, Handly, Jacobs, Julian, Kerlin, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Kern, Kellner, Kutsche, Keating, King, Kinsella, Landenwich, Long, Lane, McKendry, Monarch, McKenzie, McCart, Mathewson, J. McCormick, Mallay, Macatee, McPhee, Mulberger, Moncada, McNulty, Morrison, Meehan, Mitchell, McGuire, McDonald, McCambridge, Nations, Ormond, O'Hearn, O'Brien, O'Shea, Pfau, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Preston, Quealey, Roper, Reynolds, Rosenthal, Riedinger, Rea, Sweet, J. Stephens, M. Smith, F. Smith, Steele, Sullivan, Taliaferro, Tarrant, Tivnen, Tedeus, Vhay, Warner, L. White, H. White, Wagoner, Walker, Walsh, Weldon, Wade, Wageman, Wilkin, Weimer, Johns.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Boyd, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Boettcher, Black, A. Backrack, H. Backrack, S. Backrack, Clendenin, Cohn, Crotty, W. Connor, C. Connor, Cooke, J. Conners, E. Conners, Doss, Davidson, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Dahler, Foote, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Gale, Grant, Garber, Griffin, Goldmann, Garrabant, H. Huiskamp, J. Huiskamp, Haney, Hillas, Jewett, Keefe, Koester, Kane, Klaner, Kerwin, Kraber, Kinsella, Löwenstein, Lane, Lewin, McIntosh, McDonnell, Martin, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, Mahon, L. Mayer, Munro, A. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mason, A. Morgenweck, Mainzer, Maguire, Nester, O'Mara, O'Neill, O'Donnell, Paul, Priestly, Quill, Riordan, Rowsey, Rogers, Savage, Sweet, Stone, Silver, A. Sullivan, J. Sullivan, F. Sullivan, F. Toolen, F. Toolen, Tompkins, Triplett, Taft, A. Williamson, W. Williamson, Weckler, Witkowsky.

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

E. Adams, W. Sullivan, F. Kreutzer, E. Byrne, V. Padilla, L. Grever, G. Myers, J. Rudd, C. Evanson, T. Jordan, M. Akin, D. Stephens, J. Hayes, W. Konzen, D. Cartier, E. Coady, W. Moffatt, G. Cooper, M. Smith, W. Clifford, W. Luhn, D. McKendry, W. Welch, G. Cooke, W. White, E. Hiner, M. White, G. Tedeus, C. Bush, J. Pfau, C. Paquette, B. Stephens, J. Clarke, G. Fry, L. Dunning, D. Strasser, J. McManus, G. Kingsworth, J. Nester, F. Rodriguez, W. Boland, B. Tivnen, F. Lane, A. Gibbs, G. Cartier.

List of Excellence.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—F. Suing, W. Crowley, B. Clarke, A. Rudd, G. Fry, G. Kingsworth, J. Nester, H. Wageman, B. Tivnen, G. Myers, W. Konzen, D. McKendry, G. Cooke; Arithmetic—J. Kreutzer, W. Clifford, O. Sullivan, J. Mathewson, J. Lyons, B. Stephens, D. Stephens, J. Dempsey, C. Paquette, J. Hart, G. Cartier, S. Hummer, G. Fry; Grammar—L. White, W. Moffatt, S. Hummer, G. Fry; Reading—J. Dunford, B. O'Kane, F. Konzen, L. Macatee, W. Clifford, A. Schloss, L. Monarch, F. Wile, D. Stephens; Orthography—L. Macatee, T. Hake, J. O'Shea, T. McKeon; Geography—F. Suing, W. White, J. McNally, W. Sullivan, F. Kreutzer, C. Evanson, G. Kingsworth, T. Darragh; United States History—W. Sullivan, E. Campbell, W. Clifford, W. Konzen, J. Galarneau, F. Lane, W. Boland, G. Landenwich, L. Reidinger, F. Wilbanks, W. O'Brien, T. Darragh, M. Rosenthal, B. Clarke, F. Coad, J. Tedeus, F. Flynn, M. McCart, B. O'Kane; Penmanship—D. Quill, F. Suing, F. Rodriguez, W. Sullivan, F. Kreutzer, J. Nester, A. Leonard, W. Kern, G. Cooke, G. Tarrant, D. McKendry, J. Warner; Telegraphy—A. Rudd; Type-Writing—F. Cobbs, P. Paschel, W. Clifford.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Carrie Gavan, of Lafayette, Ind., a former esteemed pupil, is passing some time with her friends at St. Mary's.

—The receipt of a Public Document—"Insects Affecting the Orange"—from Hon. Geo. Ford, House of Representatives, U. S., is respectfully acknowledged.

—At Christmas time it was the intention of the Juniors to give the beautiful play, "New Arts," on the 22d of February, at once thereby to honor the Founder of St. Mary's and the "Father of his country." On account of the Forty Hours' Devotion, the project was relinquished, and "New Arts" will be presented later in the year.

—A competition was held in the Second Preparatory Grammar Class on Friday, Feb. 25. Miss M. Kennedy, the first leader, was ably assisted by the Misses Eva Quealy, Irene Stapleton, Lulu Koester, Effie Reed and Ottilia Knauer. The second leader was Miss Anna Beschameng, who was worthily seconded by Miss Minnie Mason. Admirable as were their efforts, they were not sufficient to prevent a signal, though not dishonorable, defeat.

—The readers at the regular Academic reunion were the Misses Ray Smith and Helena Clendenen. After Rev. Father Shortis had commented upon the excellence of the reading, Very Rev. Father General spoke of the importance of good reading as a primary and indispensable acquirement. He adverted to the injustice of anticipating the award of public honors; implying that the spirit of laudable emulation is stifled because there is no real competition. Let such honors be accorded after every one has been given an equal opportunity to test her skill. Let each one strive to the best of her ability. Perhaps the one who stands last may, by courageous efforts, bear off the palm in the end. His favorite example of the great Jesuit theologian, Suarez—his repeated rejection by the Society, and his triumphant final acceptance—he cited as a proof that the Blessed Virgin never deserts those who confide in her assistance, as to her intercession the great Jesuit Doctor owed his success.

—By permission, we present some extracts from an interesting letter written by a warm and highly-prized friend, dated—

"ROME, Jan. 28, 1887.—We left Luzerne October 25, but not before we had made the pilgrimage to Einsiedeln, and afterwards the Jubilee under the direction of Father D—. We halted at Milan and Genoa, but arrived in Rome before the last of October. I want to go no farther. Here is to be found all that is best in life; there is no spot on earth to compare with Rome. There are no words to express my delight in Roman life, and nowhere have I found a climate so congenial to me." . . . We had our audience, and I leave you to imagine how happy it made us. If our allegiance to the dear holy Pontiff could have been strengthened, it would have been so then. Words cannot depict the gentle benignity of our sovereign Pontiff's manner. We were received quite by ourselves, and as we

knelt about his throne, kissing his blessed hands and feet, he seemed impressed, and pleased with the size of my family. He said, in French, 'Are all these children yours?' Then he asked: 'Have you any others?' and I told him of D—. Then he placed his venerable hands repeatedly upon our heads, calling down blessings upon the entire family, present and absent. The gentlemen were in dress suits; E— and I in the costume prescribed—black dress and lace veils—whilst B— was in blue, with white veil, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart having the right to send their children in their uniform."

Then follow many delightful details of shrines and celebrities in Rome, all filled with a fresh, pure spirit of faith which is truly admirable; but space will not permit further extracts.

Adversity, the Test of Character.

As the rich and inviting grape must undergo certain processes preparatory to becoming wine, so must the human soul be subjected to the pressure and ferment of trial, before its true character is revealed. By the indifferent observer, how frequently individual traits are misread. It is no uncommon thing to find one who has been accounted deficient in strength of character, who under the pressure of adversity accepts misfortune with tranquil firmness, and who discloses a depth and vigor of soul unlooked-for by even intimate acquaintances. Not unfrequently, also, persons whom the world has accredited with wonderful powers of endurance and courage fail when the test of calamity and misfortune is applied. When the tide is smooth, and the sun shines, no one is so brave and ready to dare the dangers of the tempest far away in the undefined future; but when in reality it bursts upon the sea, and the ship is in jeopardy, and when coolness and intrepid power to grapple with the storm, or to endure its violence are needed, they are the first to succumb.

Not once, but times without number, has this been the case. As with our friends, so with our character, adversity must be the test. If we shrink at the approach of reverses; if the inevitable in life be to us a terror, we are weak. We may boast, but boasting is not a mark of power. We may profess our friendship for others, but it is adversity which will test the sincerity of our professions. We may confide in the steadfast affection of those dear to us, but let the "swift vicissitudes" of life show how much they can bear *patiently* of our foibles and ungraciousness before we pronounce upon their constancy.

Were our existence to glide along with nothing to disturb its even tenor, were there no changes, no trials, no temptation, there would be little to distinguish the strong from the weak, the good from the evil, the faithful from the unfaithful. Heroism would be unknown, and the entire social economy would be changed. Life on earth, as a preparation for a better life in heaven, would lose all its significance. There would be no occasions to call forth acts of self-sacrifice and devotion. Courage, fidelity, patriotism would be meaningless terms.

But an all-wise Creator has decreed that soci-

ety and humanity shall exist in their present state of mutation. Joy and sorrow, hope and fear, peace and turmoil are the constant alternatives of a fallen world. Our very mental constitution is fitted to these changes. We are filled with insatiable longings after something that the world cannot give. The transitory aims, which are constantly engaging the energies and aspirations of mortals, are like the trial-flights of just fledged birds. Their proper object should be to impart strength for the prolonged and confident progress of the intelligence towards infinite Truth. We see no permanent happiness here. Even those upon whom fortune showers her favors are often most unhappy. To them the tangled web of life has more of grief than pleasure. Life all sunshine without shade; all joy, and never a sorrow; all pleasure, with never a pain, is what has not been known on earth since the Cherub's sword of flame drove our first parents from the Garden of Eden, and such a life it were folly to look for.

As choice viands must be carefully flavored, in order to satisfy the taste, so must our earthly existence be subjected to the subduing and refining influence of those emotions and sentiments which respond to the knowledge of the high destiny awaiting us hereafter, among which sorrow, and commiseration with sorrow, stand first. They forcibly remind us that earth is not our home. Experience teaches us not to expect too much of ourselves. While we strive after success by worthy means, we must prepare for failures, and also remember not to rely too much on others. While we welcome the worthy pleasures in our path, we must patiently submit to the trials incident to mortal existence. If we have not the bravery to embrace them cordially, we should try to make a virtue of necessity, and, feeling sure that as we are morally strengthened, should admit that we have reason to be thankful rather than to complain of their severity. Neither fortune nor misfortune can, on the one hand bring happiness, or on the other, enforce misery.

The declaration "My mind to me a kingdom is," comes with an equal grace from the lips of the peasant and from those of the monarch. In heart, the king may be a slave, while in his happy contentment the poor man may be a king. Certain it is, if "the mind be the standard of the man," he who has been made strong in the school of adversity is, presumably, greater than he whose powers of endurance have never been put to the test.

MABEL KEARSEY (Class '87).

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND EXACT OBSERVANCE OF ACADEMIC RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, Brady, Blaine, Blair, Bates, Brophy, Blacklock, Beschamang, Birdsell, Clendenen, Clifford, E. Coll, Carmien, Cogle, E. Claggett, B. Claggett, Dillon, A. Duffield, M. Duffield, C. Dempsey, H. Dempsey, Dart, Desenberg, Dunkin, Egan, Ewing, Fuller,

Foin, Flannery, Fravel, Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Gavan, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, Henke, L. Hutchinson, M. Hutchinson, Hawkins, A. Johnson, Kearsey, Kearney, Kearns, King-bury, Kennedy, McHale, L. Meehan, M. Meehan, Morse, Murphy, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, M. McCormick, Marsh, Moore, McCarthy, Moran, O'Connor, Negley, Neff, Pierson, Proby, Riedinger, Rend, Rose, E. Regan, Reed, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard, Stadler, Shields, Sterns, R. Smith, M. Smith, Stocksdale, Sullivan, Sweet, Trask, Triplett, Thompson, Tomlins, Wehr, Wimmer, Weichert, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Blaine, Boyer, Bragdon, Burdick, Campeau, Clore, Crane, E. Dempsey, J. Fisher, K. Fisher, G. Garrity, L. Griffith, Geer, Hake, Hinz, Hughes, Hull, Hunting, Heyman, M. Kennedy, Kendall, Knauer, Lindsey, Mason, McDonnell, McEwen, G. Meehan, Morse, Mercer, Prudhomme, Quill, Quinn, Rogers, Stapleton, Stiefel, Wiesenbach.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses I. Becker, B. McCormic, O'Mara, H. Pugsley, Quealey, Wallace.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED. ADVANCED COURSE, GRADUATING CLASS—Miss Ada Shephard.

1ST COURSE, GRADUATING CLASS—Miss Estelle Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses Guise, Rend, Van Horn.

2D DIV.—Misses Dillon, Fuller, Riedinger, Snowhook, W. Ivin.

3D CLASS—Misses Egan, C. Griffith, Kearney, St. Clair.

2D DIV.—Misses Brady, Fitzpatrick, Foin, Gavan, G. Regan, Shields.

4TH CLASS—Misses Barry, H. Coll, A. Duffield, Flannery, A. Miner, Wimmer.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Duffield, N. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Hinz, Koester, Moran, McCarthy, Stadler.

5TH CLASS—Misses Allnoch, Bragdon, Clendenen, A. Gordon, E. Hutchinson, Kearsey, M. Murphy, Proby, M. Smith, Stapleton, Sullivan, Wright.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Bates Blacklock, Bub, E. Claggett, B. Claggett, Carmien, Desenberg, Faxon, Fravel, Griffin, Hughes, Henke, Hummer, Kendall, Knauer, Kearns, A. Kennedy, N. Morse, McDonnell, McEwen, E. Nester, Pierson, Quealy, Steele, Stafford, R. Smith, Tomlins.

6TH CLASS—Misses Beaubien, Caddagan, S. Dempsey, J. Fisher, Hull, Hertzog, Harlem, Heckard, M. Kennedy, Marsh, L. Meehan, H. Meehan, Mason, C. McNamara, M. McNamara, Patrick, Stocksdale, Triplett, Wynn, Weir.

2D DIV.—Misses T. Balch, Coglin, E. Balch, Dart, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, Heyman, Hake, M. Hutchinson, Johnson, M. Morse, M. McCormic, Prudhomme, Pugsley, Rhodes, Thompson, Weichert, Zahm.

7TH CLASS—Misses E. Blaine, Bruus, Bridgman, M. Coll, Cook, K. Fisher, Fritz, Hunting, Negley, Leonard, O'Connor, E. Regan, Reed.

2D DIV.—Misses Campbell, O'Mara, Wallace.

8TH CLASS—Misses G. Garrity, B. McCormic.

9TH CLASS—Misses Crane, G. Meehan, Mercer, Wiesenbach.

HARP.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Dillon, Fitzpatrick, A. Shephard.

6TH CLASS—Miss E. Nester.

GUITAR.

2D CLASS—Miss A. Egan.

5TH CLASS—Misses B. Garrity, L. Griffith.

6TH CLASS—Miss Hawkins.

VIOLIN.

Misses B. Claggett, Fravel, Koester.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss H. Guise.

2D CLASS—Misses K. Gavan, L. St. Clair, L. Foin.

2D DIV.—Miss C. Moran.

3D CLASS—Misses F. Wynn, R. Smith.

2D DIV.—Misses K. Brophy, A. Miner, E. McCarthy.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Bragdon, M. Barry, M. Mc-

Namara, E. Allnoch, F. Carmien, E. Heyman, C. Dempsey, N. Dempsey.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Hawkins, A. McDonald, Steele, A. Gordon, I. Bub, F. Hertzog, L. Meehan, C. Triplett, L. Williams, C. Proby, M. Dunkin.

St. Mary's of the Rosary, Woodland, Cal.

Among the attractions of the pleasant little town of Woodland, so beautifully situated and only an hour's ride from Sacramento, is the Convent of St. Mary's of the Rosary. The Academy is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose reputation as educators is so well known in the East. The Academy building is located on a beautiful drive west of the business portion of the town. Art is busy lending her embellishments to the immediate grounds, which are being laid out in promenades and pleasure grounds adorned with fountains, arbors, rare exotic trees and shrubs, interspersed with lawn and flower-beds. The building is spacious, commodious and comfortable; on the ground floor are the refectories, recreation halls and classrooms for little boys, where there is a fine class of little fellows, ranging in age from twelve years down to bright little fellows just lisping their "A B C's." On the next floor, which is approached by an imposing entrance in front for visitors and a pretty latticed porch in the rear for the convenience of day pupils, are situated the parlor, library, laboratory, music rooms, conservatory, and spacious study and recitation rooms, all light and airy, with high ceilings, and well furnished with whatever may assist the pupils in pursuit of the various branches—maps, globes, charts, philosophical and chemical apparatus and the beginning of a fine library. Here it may be added that donations to this library will be very gratefully received by the Sisters.

In the music hall all the instruments are new and carefully selected to stand the wear of constant practice. The pupils are already showing a marked improvement in instrumental and vocal culture. As we ascend the spacious stairs, we arrive at the studio and are surprised to see what has already been done in so short a time. Around the room are placed models used in the course pursued by those who wish to obtain a thorough knowledge of drawing and sketching from nature, blocks, triangles, rectangles, squares, columns, etc., to be copied separately and then in different positions; casts in plaster of Paris, besides numerous studies of heads, animals, flowers and landscapes. A number of floral pieces already finished show careful work and close application, besides numerous easels filled with work more elaborately commenced. Painting on china and velvet, also lustrapainting with all its brilliant colors are on exhibition. The celebrated artist, Signor Luigi Gregori, of Rome, Italy, has, for a number of years, made his headquarters at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and has carefully trained teachers in the Art Department at the Mother House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; therefore, we are safe in saying that this studio, so recently opened promises to be the very best on the Coast.

We next visit the beautiful chapel, which in itself is a little gem of art, the walls being frescoed, the sanctuary being enclosed by a pretty altar rail, and the seats neat and comfortable.

The dormitories are large, well ventilated and furnished with beautiful little bedsteads, each having a bureau to match. Opening from the sleeping apartment are the wash-rooms, bath-rooms and closets, furnished with marble basins and supplied with hot and cold water. There we visit the tower from which we can overlook the surrounding country and thus finish a thorough inspection of this new institution, where all breathes of peace, happiness and order. It is a day and boarding-school of a high order, where, in addition to the intellectual training of the pupils, every attention is paid to health, morals, and all the requirements of social refinement. While religious teaching forms a particular branch for Catholic pupils, who are carefully taught the duties of their holy religion, in no way is it sought to impress these teachings and views upon the children of Protestant parents. Let parents bear this school in mind in selecting a place in which to educate their children. Woodland should be proud of this ornament to the already pretty city.—*San Francisco Monitor*.